

WHAT SPORTSMEN ARE TALKING ABOUT



MANY COLLEGE MEN ENTER PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL RANKS



Photo by American Press Association.

PIE WAY, FORMER YALE PITCHER, NOW WITH NEW YORK GIANTS.

AN unusual number of college baseball players have entered the big leagues this summer. How many will be prominent by the time the big league season ends? If the usual average obtains, the successful ones will be in a minority. Yet, again, some of the neophytes have displayed ability on the university diamond which bespeaks at least a certain amount of success. George Smith of Columbia, for example. After he has

been sweetened down there would appear to be strong likelihood of his being a valuable member of the Giant pitching squad. And Pie Way has also gone to McGraw's team. Way is a husky youth, who has speed, control and curves. He may develop into a big league star. Watt, the Columbia captain, has signed with Detroit, and Andy Coakley says he has no doubt that this player will make good in big company. Watt, he says, is one of the closest stu-

dents of baseball he has ever met. He is always considering how to improve his game and will develop swiftly, Coakley thinks. It is reported in New Haven that Mahan will sign with the Yankees, but Ernest Soucy said in New London recently that Mahan was not going to play professional ball.

"He turned down an offer from the Boston Braves to my personal knowledge," said Soucy. "and I don't think he will play ball unless he receives an offer of a salary much larger than he has yet received."

Jing Johnson, the Ursinus pitcher, made his debut recently, pitching for the Athletics against the Red Sox, and received a fearful lambasting. "Red" Carroll, the Tufts catcher, however, made a fine impression, catching Johnson in fine style and nipping three men who attempted to steal second.

"One or two of the above players with whom I have talked the past year," said a baseball expert recently, "say it is not to make of baseball an end, but merely a means to other things, completing their education or of laying aside means to assist them in business projects, but others, it is to be feared, have not looked into the future—at least not beyond the immediate future. Baseball, if they make good, will pay them more at the outset than they could reasonably expect to earn in business, and that is the lure."

"A few will probably catch on at once; others eventually will be transferred to the minor leagues for 'development.' Very few college men ever return from the so-called bushes. Even assuming they succeed not only, but become famous as professional baseball players, what does it all amount to in the end? Some years ago one of the colleges had a brilliant baseball player. He was also a brilliant student. His inclinations were toward law, but he went into the big leagues where his value was established at once. He stayed with one club a number of years; then he went to another, and after twenty years of service slowed down. Now he is running a minor league team. As he looks back into the past and asks what baseball has done for him he must find the answer rather depressing. His professors, when he left college agreed that he had it in him to succeed in almost anything to which he directed his mind."

"But the quick money and the evanescent fame of the professional diamond were too alluring to be resisted. It would be well if the colleges and universities took steps to combat this annual descent upon their players of big league managers, whose only thoughts are selfish, whose only ideals are mercenary."

"College coaches who work with one eye on the teams they coach and the



Photo by American Press Association.
GEORGE SMITH, NEW ADDITION TO GIANTS' TWIRLING STAFF.

other on big league managers from whom they expect a handsome gratuity in return for student ball players should be suppressed, and promptly.

"Go to a college game in which players who stand out above the average are competing and you will see scouts from professional nines watching every move of the men whom they expect to sign, studying them and sizing up their points as though they were live stock. The whole atmosphere is disgusting, and if the abandonment of the whole policy of professional coaching would ameliorate conditions it would be well to bring this about."

SIMPSON LEARNED HOW TO HURDLE FROM NEWSPAPER PICTURES

BOB SIMPSON'S recent record wrecking hurdling brings to mind the young westerner's debut in championship competition. His appearance at the national title meet held on the fair grounds at San Francisco is now recalled. Except for a friend or two not a person of the 12,000 spectators in the stands on the eventful Saturday of July last year understood Simpson's temerity to race against Fred Murray and Fred Kelly over the 120 yards high sticks.

Simpson knew he couldn't lick his skilled competitors. The idea of beating Kelly and Murray was furthest from his mind. He was there to learn the art of hurdling, and after the race—Simpson was lucky to finish third—he lost no time in studying the forms of the men he idolized in his pet stunt. That evening he purchased the final sports editions of all the papers he could lay his hands on. In one of them he spotted a corking picture of the final of the high hurdles. He saw the way Kelly and Murray chopped over their hurdles, shaving them so close that they almost appeared to sit on them. Kelly, in fact, was so close that he knocked down three of the hurdles and was disqualified.

Simpson thought awhile. He asked some of the boys who were guests of the Olympic club at a banquet to show him the difference in the style of hurdling of Kelly and Murray and his (Simpson's) manner of going over the sticks.

Sure enough one of them informed him that, while Kelly and Murray leaped so close to the hurdle that they would brush a match stick off, Simpson allowed a liberal stretch of daylight between him and the hurdles. The result was that while Simpson was having a glorious time in the air Kelly and Murray were going away from him.

Simpson spent three hours going over the photographs in the company of Harold Smith, the sprinter and Michigan captain; Bachman, the Notre Dame weight man, and Arlie Mucks, champion discus thrower of Wisconsin university. The four made a critical examination of the pictures and studied out where Simpson's form differed from Kelly's and what Simpson should do to acquire Kelly's form. When the party broke up Simpson said simply:

"I've got the idea. When I get back to Kansas I will put up a hurdle on the farm and practice the rest of the summer."

Results show he has changed his style for the better. Today he is the acknowledged champion hurdler of the world. Perseverance in the case of Simpson triumphed for the good, and athletic fans the country over are marveling at his wonderful form and the great records he is establishing.

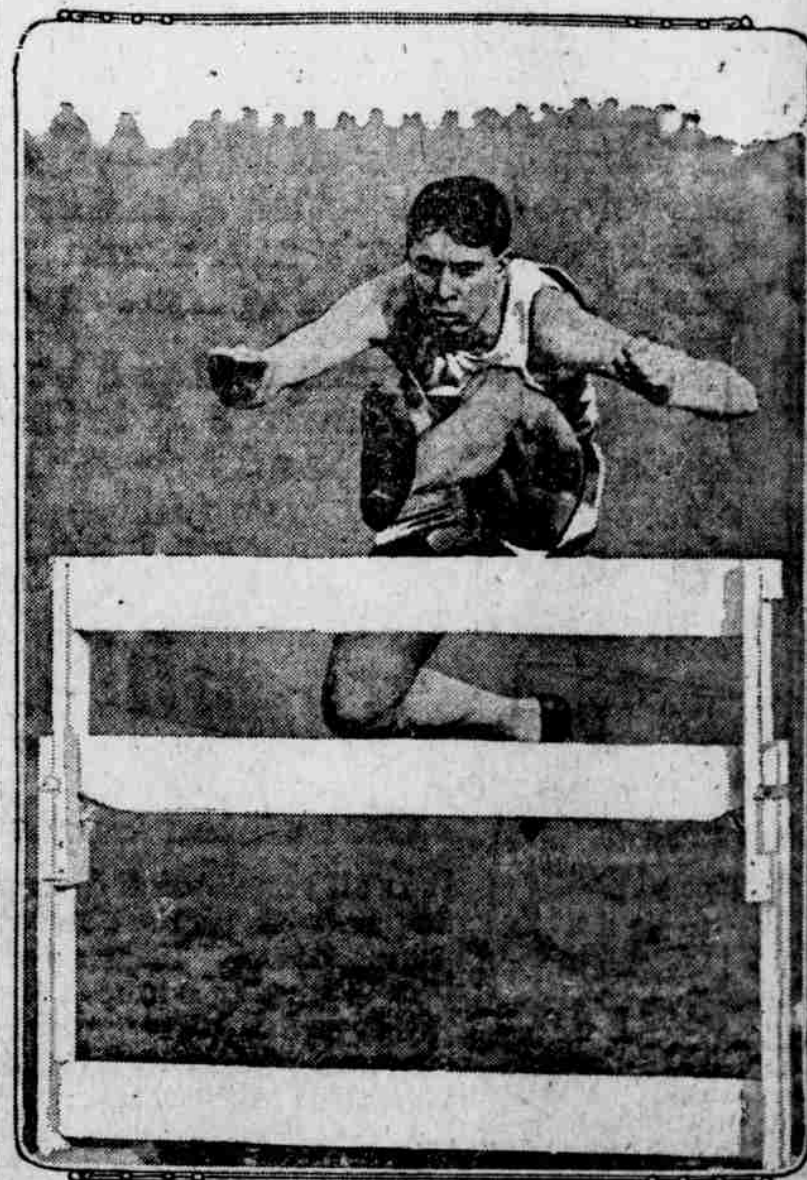


Photo by American Press Association.

ROBERT SIMPSON GOING OVER THE HURDLES.

Simpson went too high in the air in the Frisco race. Every time he came to a hurdle he seemed to hesitate and leap high.

At the Penn relay carnival some time ago, where he raced over the 120 high in 15 seconds flat, on the grass he exhibited an entirely new form of competition.

Six feet three inches in height, Simpson has an ideal build for a hurdler. In many ways he resembles Forrest Smithson, the daddy of them all a few years back. He has mastered the tech-

nique of hurdling. Simpson is likely to revolutionize hurdling as far as arm action goes, for he has the thing down to perfection.

It was a treat to see him hurdle close to the sticks with his arms forward at Philadelphia. Instead of shooting an arm straight out in front of them, most of the other hurdlers, when they rise to the hurdle, raise both arms to the side like outstretched wings. Murray, Thompson and Kelly all do it just like Smithson. Shaw, Kraenzle, Chas. and others did before them.

SEVERAL GOOD BALL PLAYERS GAIN FAME BY CLEVERNESS

ONE who is not of serious thinkers who picks out occasionally on rainy days to pick flaws in the national pastime were discussing pitchers and their nefarious and unnatural devices for deceiving the batter when we drew quite an important prediction from "Wild Bill" Donovan, manager of the Yankees and esteemed member of the knut.

"Wild Bill" was considered one of the greatest pitchers of his time, and he points with pride to the fact that he gained his success entirely by the use of his natural advantage. Therefore he looks down with professional scorn upon the spitballers and the emery ball artists and regards them as mere tricksters, who cast a taint upon the real art of pitching.

It is Bill's opinion that if pitchers

continue to invent schemes which require something other than a natural delivery of the ball it is going to result soon in legislation which will force the pitcher to work without a glove, thus depriving him of his best means for practicing deception.

"That is the only way they will ever successfully curb the illegal and freak deliveries that are complained about," says Bill. "For, to a pitcher who has to resort to tricks with the ball, a glove is as necessary as a jimmy is to a porch climber."

The tendency of baseball legislation has been toward the abolition of the freak devices of the pitchers. The ban has been placed on the emery ball, and only the spitball of the breaks remaining legal. Primarily the object is to keep up the hitting. A pitcher's battle

may be an artistic triumph, but it has been shown that the public wants to see base hits. The fan demands action in his baseball, just as he does in his drama and his best seller, and base hits make for action in baseball.

Those who have been in regular attendance have probably noticed the frequent examinations the umpires make of the ball. They stop the game while managers and players gather and give the little sphere the curious up and down. It is not a practice designed to prolong the game. The umpires are acting under instructions not to permit the use of anything that resembles the emery ball.

It is the modern concrete stand that affords a rough surface that scuffs the ball. A ball that has been hit against

a concrete wall is apt to have all the roughness necessary to make it ideal for the emery ball delivery.

"Baseball can get along without these freaks," says Bill Donovan. "A good pitcher doesn't have to use such tricks. Look down the list of great pitchers and how many of them were many. There are only a few men who stand out prominently who used such deliveries. Ed Walsh, Tesreau, Russell Ford and two or three others make up all the pitchers who ever were successful with the freak stuff. Such men as Mathewson, Johnson, Addie Joss and the dozen of other stars of the game never resorted to it, and you will hear about them long after the other fellows have been forgotten."

It was Russell Ford of the Yankees who introduced the emery ball into the big league, but it had undoubtedly been in existence in its natural state around the town lots for years, and like the electricity in the lightning, just waiting for a Benjamin Franklin to come along and hitch the harness to it. No doubt many a kid has pitched a freak curve with a scuffed ball and wondered how he did it.

Ford became the Ben Franklin quite by an accident. He and Ed Sweeney were battery mates in Atlanta. One day he got hold of a ball that had just struck a rough spot and noticed that it took a weird curve. He got experimenting and then kept his secret. As he couldn't depend on bouncing the ball against a rough spot he substituted the emery paper and kept it in his glove.

He had a great year with the Yankees in 1910 and no one could understand how he got the peculiar curve on the ball. When they began to inquire he arranged so that the emery paper was attached to a ring on his finger and came off when he pulled the glove off. Consequently when one examined the glove there was no evidence. However, they finally got on to Ford, and he never had a big year again. He didn't have enough of the natural stuff to get by on, and when they took his trick away from him they ruined him.

"CONFIDENT RECRUIT," BUT HE WAS LET OUT.

JIMMY CALLAHAN, manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, said that he liked to see a young ball player confident and self possessed, but that he had one recruit while he was managing the White Sox who had a little too much self confidence.

"I remember," said Jimmy, "that this fellow was highly opinionated and that he thought he knew everything that came along. In fact, he knew so much about baseball that we decided the big leagues hadn't caught up to his standard and that we ought to struggle along without him."

"He picked up a scientific paper one time and read the account of one of those big wrecks they were pulling off on one of the eastern roads a few years ago. In this same paper was the announcement that a reward was offered by the railroad of \$10,000 to any one who would invent a device that would absolutely prohibit wrecks."

"This fellow didn't waste a minute. There was a telegraph office in the lobby, and he promptly wired to the railroad: 'I accept your offer. Send on that check.'"

Pacific Coast Produces Great Athletic Family

THE golden west has given to the athletic world another family of strong athletes.

Searching through the records one fails to find anything to approach the remarkable prowess of the Augustus, Robert Lindley, Fred and Frank Murray household. Robert, Fred and Frank are genuine chips of the old block, for father Augustus was an accomplished football and tennis player in his younger days.

The eldest of the three Murray boys, Robert Lindley, twenty-three years of age, holds the national indoor tennis title and metropolitan singles championship of 1915. Twenty-two-year-old Fred is accounted to be one of a few of the greatest hurdlers ever known.

At the recent intercollegiate championships he "flew" over 120 yards high sticks in fifty seconds, establishing a new college mark. He was crowned national hurdles champion at San Francisco last summer, on which occasion he lowered the colors of Fred Kelly and one or two other accomplished timber troopers.

Frank, nineteen years, threatens to become one of the best hammer throwers in the college ranks. With the graduation of Fred the Murray name will remain at the Leland Stanford, Jr., university, as Frank is taking up an engineering course. Frank has thrown the sixteen pound hammer over 150 feet.

In baseball the name of the Delahantys will live long in the memories of fans, and football enthusiasts never forget the Poes, while the Corbett brothers ruled supreme in their particular lines of endeavor. Jim being former heavyweight champion and Joe Corbett champion pitcher of the old Baltimore.

It will be years before another combination such as the Murray family represents will be developed.

The Kolehmainers are a remarkable family of distance runners. Hannee being the acknowledged amateur champion from five to fifteen miles, while Willis is one of the best professional marathoners in the world.

ROBERTSON CAN SPEED ON PATHS.

IF Dave Robertson of the New York Giants ever is of a mind to go against the circling base record, which is now held by Hans Lobert at 3 minutes 4-15 seconds, Gotham experts are of the opinion that he can beat the mark easily.

Robertson will make Ty Cobb, Max Carey, Clyde Milan and other base runners celebrated for their speed look slow. He probably could not only lead any one of them by ten feet in going around the bases, but he looks a foot faster going to first than any man in the big show today.

Bert Shotton of St. Louis Browns is a streak going to first. He pulls the average infield in ten feet when he is at bat. That is necessary because an ordinary bouncer the infield cannot complete the mechanics of his play—the fielding and throwing of the ball—fast enough to intercept Shotton at first when playing back.

Robertson is faster than Shotton. A race between the two on the bunt and run to first would be entertaining.



Photo by American Press Association.

ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY.

Press Big Help to Stecher

JOE STECHER, the phenomenal young wrestler brought from oblivion by the revival of the mat game, says many of his matches have been won for him by newspapers.

"On account of the dope written about me I am known as the chap with a wonderful leg scissors hold," says Stecher. "It has been written that I have a squeezing pressure of several thousands pounds in my legs and that the hold I use is deadly. In fact, the leg scissors has become as famous as the Gotch toe hold."

"Consequently every wrestler I meet is on the lookout for the scissor grip, and he leaves openings for other holds. I have not used the scissors in half

my bouts. I know and use other holds, just like other wrestlers do. Half the time I do not have to think about using the scissors, because my opponent, in protecting himself from the grip, lets me slam on the half Nelson or some other good hold."

Stecher is just a big boy, only twenty-two years of age. In street clothes he looks like a schoolboy, but beneath his little checked cap are more brains than the average wrestler has. Stecher is called the "boy in overalls." He was raised on a farm near Dodge, Neb.

"The unexpected counts in wrestling, boxing, baseball or business," says Stecher.

Robby and Two of His Old Standbys



Photo by American Press Association.

MEYERS, ROBINSON, MARQUARD.

PICTURE shows Manager Wilbert Robinson, in center, and Chief Meyers at left, and Pitcher Rube Marquard at right. Robby says much credit should be given to these two veterans for the great showing of the Brooklyn team this season. Meyers' good all around playing has done much to keep the Superbas in the running this year, while Marquard's pitching has won many games for his team.